

J E S S Y;
OR, THE
B R I D A L D A Y.

A N O V E L.

Written by a L A D Y,

After the *Manner* of the late Mr. *Richardson*,

(Author of *Clarissa*, &c.)

But *not revised* by that celebrated Writer.

"If witty or if dull 'tis all her own."

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. and J. NOBLE, at their respective circulating Libraries, near *Middle Row*, *Holborn*, and *Saint Martin's Court*, near *Leicester Square*.

MDCCLXXI.

THE
BRIDAL DAY.

A NOVEL.
Written by a LADY.
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MDCCLXXI.



JESSY;
OR, THE
BRIDAL DAY.



LETTER XVII.

Sir GEORGE STANLEY,

TO

CHARLES ADDISON, Esq;

“When forced from dear Jessy to go,

“What anguish I felt in my heart!

And I thought, but it might not be so,

“She was sorry to see me depart.”

HERE am I, Charles, once

more at Lord Greville's,

where I met with a most

gracious reception, particularly

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4 JESSY; OR, THE
from the fair nymphs of the castle.
My last short note informed you
of the dangerous way in which I
left our worthy old friend, as also
of his lovely daughter's grief, and
his help-mate's secret joy. The
physicians assured me there was not
the least hopes of his recovery; he
will not live to experience the mor-
tification of his reverse of fortune,
and it shall be my care to preserve
his Jessy from the keen shafts of
adversity, so make your honest face
easy on that head. Yet, had not
nature endowed me with an un-
common share of constancy, this
tempting Julia would have shaken
it. Never did her charms shine
forth

BRIDAL DAY. 5

forth with so much lustre as they do in the sable garments with which they are adorned. She is, you must know, at present, in mourning for an aunt, who has left her no less than thirty thousand pounds addition to her fortune, which, in most people's opinion has, also, bestowed on her ten thousand additional beauties; but I am not yet arrived at that discreet age, when one considers riches as the *summum bonum*. The joy which animated her fair countenance, on my arrival, was extremely flattering to my vanity. Poor Richmore's naturally sharp face was half an ell longer than usual: he pouted

I

B 3

the

the whole morning, the worst device he could hit upon, since it only made my sprightliness appear to the greater advantage. In the evening we had a ball, the *etiquette* of which had been settled before I arrived, so that he had got the start of me, and engaged Julia for his partner. I danced with my little widow. Amongst the rest of our party was the daughter of a neighbouring squire, a rural, barn-door beauty and a rural wit, who loves a game of romps at her heart. Richmore is, you know, though a handsome fellow, rather stiff and formal in his air and dress.

“ I

BRIDAL DAY. 7

"I would give the world," said she laughing, "to demolish that stately pyramid of a man, who dances with all the gravity of a philosopher, and moves his feet as cautiously as if he was treading upon ice, with a head as erect too as if he carried a pail of water on it."

She watched an opportunity, and when he led his partner to a seat, the little wag, stealing behind his chair, gave it a sudden twitch, and down he fell with violence on the floor. For the life of me, I could not restrain my mirth, at the droll figure he

made. Julia hastily arose, and, while he was gathering himself up a little, bruised, as I guessed, by the distortion of his features, she cast on him a look of disdain, and, with a stately air, walked to the window. Bladon, holding her sides, indulged herself in a horse laugh, unconscious of the mischief she had made. Greville chid her for her rudeness. I, though hardly able to keep my countenance, offered him my assistance in rising.

“These country *Belles*,” said I, with affected gravity, “make
 “one look small, now and then,
 “by

BRIDAL DAY. 9

“by the exertion of their rustick
“wit. Faith, Richmore, I would
“not have been in your place
“for a trifle: you got a most
“confounded fall—I hope you
“are not much hurt?”

He looked rather silly at this
affected condolence, made no an-
swer, but cast a resentful glance
at the rural wit; on whom, how-
ever, it had not the least effect.
He sat stroaking his ruffles, not
daring to approach his mistress.
Yet, what had he done? Had
he carried it off with a joke,
and been the first to laugh, we
should then have laughed *with*,

10 JESSY, OR, THE

instead of laughing at him. But nobody makes on these occasions so bad a figure as a man of sense. I went to Lady Julia.

“ Ah,” cried she, “ what a ridiculous creature is that Richmond ! How dare he presume to hope I will ever”—she paused.

“ He rather merits your pity than contempt,” returned I smiling; “ since, it must be owned, his fall was not the softest in the world. He took it too with so hearty a good will, that

“ the
B 2

BRIDAL DAY. 11

“the whole room trembled at his
“danger.”

“Earth felt the shock. And you, fair Julia,
“Rising from your seat, with frown most
“deadly,

“Gave dreadful signs of woe that all was
“lost.”

“Ah! the odious wretch!” I
“cannot bear the sight of him.”

“Nay, dear Lady Julia, what
“the worse is the honest soul
“for having plump down on the
“floor, instead of his chair? He
“may, indeed, have found it a
“little harder than the seat he
B 6 “aimed

“ aimed at, but what then?—As

“ I live here he comes, the tea-

“ cup trembling in his hand; for

“ displeasure is in your lovely

“ countenance. Pray, Lady Ju-

“ lia, condescend to receive it from

“ him, and smile him into joy.”

This was to be one of the poor man's most unlucky days. Her visible disdain, the recent mortification he had undergone, his timorous assiduity to regain her favour, gave an awkwardness to his manner which is far from being natural to him. With awe did he approach his incensed goddess.

dess. At that moment a cat, which happened to be in the room, spying a bird on a rose-bush, near the window, gave a sudden spring to seize its prey; dash went the tea-cup out of his hand. He was by this time close to Julia, and every drop of the tea was thrown on her petticoat, down which it ran in streams.

"~~D~~—tion," exclaimed he in a rage; "this is too much for human patience. Curse the odious beast."

He pulled out his well-scented handkerchief, and offered to wipe her

her garment. She pushed him from her with disdain.

"None of your awkward affluity, Sir."

He snatched up his hat, and stalked into the garden.

"Ah," cried my gay little widow, "he is gone in pursuit of his enemy: is gone to wreak his vengeance on the poor dear cat." Then calling out to him with a drollery in her manner, which it is impossible to describe, "O thou justly incensed Knight, moderate

"moderate thy rage, spare the
 "sweet creature who innocently
 "offended, and point not thy
 "deadly weapon at its harmless
 "and defenceless breast."

Poor Richmore! this ridiculous
 accident has done him more pre-
 judice with the ladies than if he
 had attempted the honour of half
 of them. Who can stand the test
 of ridicule? He is not yet recon-
 ciled to his mistress, though Gre-
 ville, who entertains for him the
 warmest friendship, espoused his
 cause. His Lordship, knowing the
 risk his sisters, particularly Julia,

runs,

runs, from being independent mistress of so large a fortune, wishes for nothing so much as to see her united to a man of worth, and Richmore has an unexceptionable character, and has also a most unexceptionable estate; but I am much mistaken if ever he brings this plan to bear. He begins to regard me as his rival, and is as testy as the devil: I know not if he is one of your fighting blades, but I know that I have no great stomach for a tilting-bout, where my heart is so little interested; yet be the consequence what it will, my pride will not suffer me to abate one scruple of my assiduity to his charmer.

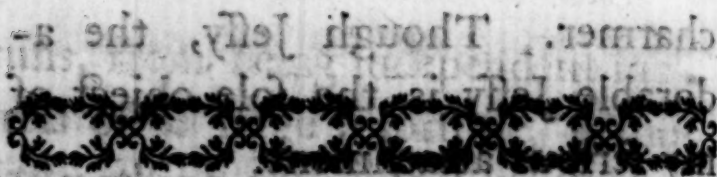
BRIDAL DAY. 17

charmer. Though Jessy, the adorable Jessy is the sole object of my serious attachment.

Yours,

G. STANLEY.

LETTER



L E T T E R XVIII.

Miss SOMERSET

TO

Miss BEVILLE.

I CONDOLE with my lovely suffering friend, and mourn my inability to offer her any other consolation than unavailing pity. By this time you will have heard that your father's affairs are still in worse situation than was at first suspected, by the villany of the wretch with whom he

BRIDAL DAY. 19

he intrusted his money. Surely,
 my dear, it was highly imprudent
 to trust his whole fortune in pri-
 vate hands: But his own integrity
 makes him judge too favourably
 of mankind. He will not live to
 experience the consequence of the
 fatal step he has taken; but you,
 my beloved friend, my heart bleeds
 for your distress. It is true, if
 Sir George should manifest himself
 to be the man of honour he pre-
 tends, you will have nothing to
 regret but the loss of a valued
 parent, who yet has lived to a good
 old age, and is going to receive the
 reward of a well spent life. But,
 pardon me, my dear, if I still en-
 tertain

certain doubts of your lover's in-
 tentions. I would not willingly
 add to that weight of affliction
 which already oppresses your gen-
 tle heart, but I would, with friendly
 zeal, endeavour to arm you against
 the seducing arts of men. You
 will soon, alas! be left to the
 government of your step-mother.
 Sir George, by her means, will
 find an easy access to you, received,
 as he now is, on the footing of an
 honourable lover. I charge you
 then, my Jessy, to lay aside that
 female trifling, which a sort of
 delicacy imposes. Since things
 have gone so far, you must take
 this man, faulty as he is, and
 who,

BRIDAL DAY. 21

who, in spite of his splendid fortune, is, in my opinion, unworthy of you. Abate a little of that conscious pride, which

“Would be woo’d, and not unsought be won.”

If he offers his hand, though in ever so slight a manner, take him, my dear; in your situation we must not stand on punctilios. Shall I venture to tell my beloved friend that, if she would wish to preserve her fame, no time must be lost in concluding this marriage? Do not be too much affected; but some unfavourable reports have already been propagated.


Sir

Sir George is known to be a man of intrigue; his long visit at your father's is no secret: it is also known that he has now left you; and the ill-natured world affects, at least, to believe, that the visits of a man like him, to one of your rank, carry dishonour with them.

O, my dear, you cannot conceive how I was shocked last night, when a malicious set of females thought fit to make you the subject of their conversation. No language can describe my rage, when I heard the pure, unspotted Jessy, ranked amongst the number of those

those unfortunate creatures who have fallen a sacrifice to the seducing arts of men. Why was you fatally distinguished by that specious wretch, whose rank and fortune give him a consequence with the world, that makes people attentive to his motions? Why did he draw you from that peaceful obscurity in which you have, till now, lived happily and contented? But, my dear, I hope you will still triumph over your enemies. How will they be confounded, when they see you appear in all the splendor of lady Stanley! From this you may not, indeed, experience

ence all the felicity I could wish; but the world, at least, will esteem you supremely blessed; and how many prefer the shadow to the substance! For envy, to small minds, is happiness; but not to yours, I am well convinced; nevertheless we must patiently submit to that lot which a wise providence imposes on us. You like the man; he may reform; nobody stands a better chance than you to effect this reformation. Marriage will be one considerable stride towards it. If your charms can prevail on him to conquer his rooted aversion to that state, I shall
not



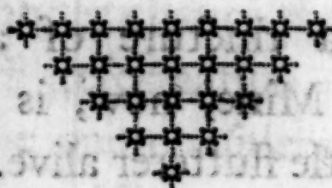
BRIDAL DAY. 25

not despair of seeing you, in time, produce in him a thorough change of manners. We will hope the best: But I must still regret your having dismissed the worthy Addison. That man has a most engaging, a most noble character. Every body I meet speaks of him with the highest esteem. But, as you say, there is no governing the feelings of the heart; at least after it has imbibed a tincture of a certain passion. Mine, now, is the most docile, little flutterer alive. I have only to command, and it instantly obeys. But this is not a time to trouble you with my affairs.

VOL. II. C Adieu,

Adieu, my beloved. May heavenly
wisdom be your guide and pre-
server.

A. SOMERSET.



LETTER



LETTER XIX.

Miss BEVILLE

TO

Miss SOMERSET.

MY father is no more. He expired in my arms. O may my last end be like his! I am now, alas! a wretched dependent on my step-mother; a destitute orphan, deprived of friends and fortune, and left to the wide world. How different were once my prospects! but the will of heaven be done:

I submit. That heaven only knows what will be my fate.

Your letter is just brought me. There needed not that to overwhelm me. What ! Do you tell me, my *hitherto* spotless fame ? O the malicious uncharitable world ! Even conscious innocence cannot support me under this most trying affliction. The cruel shafts of censure pierce me to the heart. Had I but an humble competency left of my once considerable fortune, I would bury myself in some obscure retreat, where I would live forgetting and forgot by all the world, but you, my only friend,

friend, in whose memory I even then should hope to retain a place. Vain dream of peace, which for a moment sooths my tortured mind! Ah! not even that is now in my power. You have so alarmed my fears, my loved Nancy, that I dread the thoughts of Sir George's return; and that it will not be long before he does, I make no doubt; though with what design heaven knows. I tremble with apprehension at my dangerous situation. Yet, by the assistance of that heaven, I hope to baffle all his attempts. If he should prove himself so great a villain as to meditate my ruin, I would even

C 3

oppose.

oppose his coming; but, alas! I am no longer mistress here, and Mrs. Beville will see whom she pleases. She affects at present an hypocritical sorrow for my poor father's death; she even treats me with more kindness than I have ever before experienced; but I dare not place any confidence on her pretended friendship. She never loved me, and now she believes me her rival: For, you must know, Mr. Addison formerly paid his addresses to her, and gained her heart, though, from mercenary motives, she bestowed her hand on another. Since this is the case, how can

I hope

BRIDAL DAY. 31

I hope she is sincere in her profession, when I have unfortunately robbed her of his affections? I rather think she assumes this mask of kindness the more easily to facilitate her revenge, which is, I am, from many instances convinced, her darling passion. I would immediately leave her, but where can I fly to? My future prospects are so dark that I dare not dwell on them. Pity me, my dear Nancy, for there lives not at present a more wretched being than your

JESSY:

C 4 LETTER



LETTER XX.

Sir GEORGE STANLEY.

TO

Sir EDWARD BENTICK.

YOU beat your march in good time, Sir Edward. I say in *good* time, for I have discovered that your affairs with the gay widow are not in so desperate a situation as you imagined them to be, when, like a despairing *enamorado* you fled from her

her too powerful charms. Your departure threw her into a pensive fit, which I verily believe lasted near half an hour, and that, you must allow, was a great while for her to be grave. She likes to talk of you too, which is another admirable symptom. Courage, my friend. What young widow, or old either, ever could resist the powerful attractions of a tall, handsome Irishman with a red coat, and that heart-wounding ornament a cockade? As to my affairs, they go on most swimmingly. I have drawn myself, however, into an entanglement which is not a little embarrassing. To

my vanity am I indebted for this scrape, the pleasure of plaguing Richmore. The still greater pleasure of seeing myself distinguished by a fine girl, for whom thousands sigh in vain, threw me off my guard, and made me say a hundred foolish things, which I meant in joke, but which the fair one has, unfortunately, taken in sober sadness; not considering that I am, at present, engaged in a very different pursuit from that of matrimony. She has, indeed, no suspicion of this affair, believing that the play of love, with my country maid (now, in her opinion, a maid no more) is arrived at the last act,

and

and that the curtain of satiety has closed the scene. I do not wish her to think otherwise; for only to you do I propose to communicate my future *manœuvres* in regard to this adventure. Could I prevail on myself to play the fool and marry, it must be own'd I can no where make a better choice than of this lovely Julia with her fifty thousand pounds; but this project will keep cool: Jessy, now again, engrosses all my thoughts. Her father is dead: This is one obstacle removed. Mrs. Beville is my firm friend; the coast is now clear. In a few days I propose paying a visit of condolence to the

widow, and then will I also perform my promise to the old Grecian, and make his daughter mine: though not on the terms he presumptuously flattered himself I would. How could he dream of such a thing? No, no, we are not so easily caught. Adieu, Ned, I am your warm advocate with the well-jointured widow: in return with me success in my amour.

G. STANLEY.



LETTER



LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

I HAVE just time to tell you, Ned, that I am just setting off, in quest of new adventures, or rather to put a finishing stroke to an old one; then for my Julia again. *Entre nous*, things have gone a much greater length between us than I ever intended they should. I have even been at the expence of a few vows. What are vows?

Hang

Hang me if I know. They are, it is said, (at least those of lovers) that at which Jove laughs—and so do I. I have a thousand times sworn roundly that I would love a woman for ever; but it was always with this mental reservation, On condition that she should for ever appear as amiable in my eyes as she did at the moment of my engagement; if she failed on her part, mine was also justly rendered void. But the dear creatures love a few oaths, and it costs us no great trouble to treat them with them. Julia has had her share; now for my Jessy. My carriage is at the gate: Love is my charioteer.

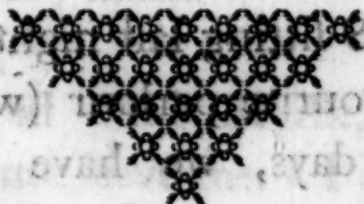
More

BRIDAL DAY. 39

More furiously than Phaëton shall
I drive, and set the world (my fair
one's heart is all the world to me)
on fire.

Yours,

G. STANLEY.



LETTER



LETTER XXII.

Miss BEVILLE

TO

Miss SOMERSET.

I WAS sitting last night in your little favourite parlour (where, in happier days, we have together spent so many pleasing hours) indulging my grief, and recalling every melancholy circumstance that could augment it, when I was awakened

awakened from my sadly-pensive reverie by the noise of a carriage. A violent palpitation seized my heart, for I guessed who it was, and would have fled to avoid him; but so greatly was I agitated, that I had not strength to move, and sunk again into my chair, almost deprived of sense and motion. In a moment he was in the room. I made a second attempt to retire; he seized my hand.

“Dearest Miss Beville,” cried he, “do not leave me. I come to mix my tears with yours.”

At

At this, mine began to stream. Sir George also wept. I was affected at this mark of his sensibility. He threw his arms round me.

“Dry those lovely eyes, my
“ Jessy. You have reason, in-
“ deed, to mourn the loss of a
“ parent so justly valued ; but in
“ me you shall ever find a friend
“ and protector.”

“ Alas ! Sir, my loss is irre-
“ mediable ; nothing can console
“ me : no one can ever supply to
“ me the tender friend and pro-
“ tector I am fatally deprived of.”

“ That

“ That parent thought other-
 “ wise, my charmer, when he be-
 “ stowed on me the most precious
 “ gift I ever received.”

“ Alas ! Sir, that gift was most
 “ unworthy of your acceptance.”

While I spoke, Mrs. Beville en-
 tered the room.

“ I came, Madam,” said he,
 turning to her, “ to condole with
 “ you and your lovely daughter
 “ on a late melancholy event.”

“ You do us honour, Sir
 “ George, and have, by this cha-
 “ ritable

“ ritable visit, given a convincing
“ proof of your humanity. Few
“ gay, young gentlemen, like you,
“ would seek the house of mourn-
“ ing, as this truly is.”

And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, not to dry, but to conceal her want of tears. She acted to a miracle the disconsolate widow. He, also, behaved with proper gravity. They supported the conversation between them: I had no inclination to mix in it, and impatiently longed for his departure; little imagining that he proposed taking up his residence at our house, or that my mother would

would be so imprudent as to invite him: but I was deceived, Supper was served, she begged he would do us the honour to partake of it. He slightly refused, saying, that he had ordered his servants and equipage to a neighbouring inn, intending to follow, when he had paid his respects to us.

“An inn! Sir George,” cried she; “and do you think that I will suffer the person who has loaded us with so many obligations, to lodge at a paltry inn, while I have an apartment to accommodate him with?”

“I was

“ I was shocked at her indis-
“ creet politeness, and made signs
“ to her that I highly disapproved
“ of his staying; but she affected
“ not to comprehend my meaning,
“ and our guest was, as you may
“ believe, easily prevailed on to
“ change his pretended purpose.
“ O, my dear, to what a distressing
“ situation am I reduced! Every
“ thing conspires to rob me of my
“ reputation.”

When Sir George retired to his
room, I told Mrs. Beville the fatal
consequences I had reason to ap-
prehend from her conduct. She
ridiculed my fears.

“ Is

“Is he not your intended
 “husband?” said she. I shook
 my head. (“Not if you can pre-
 “vent it, thought I.”)

“No matter what the world
 “may think, at present; when
 “once this marriage takes place,
 “they will soon learn to respect
 “the lady of Sir George Stanley.”

“That may never take place,
 “Madam. But in the mean time
 “you cruelly wound my peace,
 “by thus needlessly exposing me
 “to censure. What is done, can-
 “not be recalled; but I beseech
 “you, if you have any regard
 “for

“for my fame, or even for your
 “own, do not suffer him to con-
 “tinue here longer than this
 “night.”

“I will not be prescribed to,
 “Miss Beville,” cried she haughtily.
 “If you do not approve my con-
 “duct, you are welcome to chuse a
 “protectress who is more to your
 “taste. No doubt you have, being
 “a person of such strict virtue,”
 (sneeringly she spoke) “and such
 “uncommon prudence, a nume-
 “rous set of friends, amongst
 “whom you may pick and chuse,
 “and who will not, I presume,
 “esteem you the less for your re-
 “verse

“ verse of fortune. But, for
 “ my part, having but few to
 “ boast of, I shall take care not
 “ to disgust those I have, by ridi-
 “ culous scruples. Sir George is
 “ welcome to stay here as long as
 “ he thinks proper. I am not so
 “ ungrateful as you, Miss, seem
 “ to be, for the many obligations
 “ he has conferred on your family.
 “ I dare say I shall be well re-
 “ warded for my complaisance.
 “ Nay, ’tis out of regard to you I
 “ would encourage his visit. A
 “ man like him is not to be trifled
 “ with, he must be taken while he
 “ is in the mind. Absence, and new
 Vol. II. D “ objects

50 JESSY; OR, THE

“objects may soon weaken his
“attachment to you.”

And do you think, Madam,
“I want artfully to draw him into
“a marriage without giving him
“time to reflect on the conse-
“quence? Far be such meanness
“from me. O how I despise the
“thought!”

As you please, Miss. But let
“me tell you, a husband like him
“is not every day to be met
“with.”

“I want not a husband, Ma-
“dam.”

“ But

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“ But you want a great many
“ other things, Miss, and I know
“ not how you will get them, or
“ how propose to pass through
“ the world without one.”

I burst into tears.

“ This is a most cruel insult,
“ Madam. Ah! I already begin
“ to feel the misery of depend-
“ ence.”

She now, thinking she had gone too far, endeavoured to soften me. For her own credit she would not wish an immediate separation, as

most likely all the blame would fall on her; and I, alas! destitute as I am, have not yet mustered courage enough to take such a step. A stranger to the ways of the world, bred in perfect retirement, poor and friendless, what would become of me? Yet think not I will stay, be the consequence what it will, if Sir George continues his visit. I think I may (since, alas! my reputation is already wounded) before I take this step, endeavour to know what are his real intentions with regard to me. And though I do not flatter myself with any share of happiness, yet I should be glad to convince my enemies,
that

BRIDAL DAY. 53

that I merited not their cruel censures. Advise me, my dear, and continue to me your valued friendship, for that, now, is the only consolation which is left for,

Your unfortunate,

JESSY.



D 3 LETTER



LETTER XXIII.

Miss SOMERSET

TO

Miss BEVILLE.

I AM alarmed at Sir George's visit, or rather at his taking up his residence with you. It gives me a very bad opinion of his intentions. If he meant to make you his wife, he would be as careful of your honour as his own. He would

would preserve your reputation, instead of exposing it to censure; and, thoughtless as he is, he cannot but be sensible, that his living under the same roof is contrary to all the rules of propriety.

I am not surprized at your mother's conduct. She is a vile, artful woman, who would, I verily believe, stop at nothing to effect your ruin. Yet, as things have gone so far, I would not, my Jessy, have you mar your fortune by a too precipitate flight. Endeavour to bring Sir George to an explanation: there is no time to be lost. On this occasion you must, as I

before said, lay aside a little of your native delicacy. If he evades your questions, if he seeks to obtain delays, trust him no longer, but fly from the danger. Ah! my dear, never 'till now did I regret not being my own mistress. But you know my situation, know how little it is in my power to manifest the sincerity of my friendship. I am at present with my aunt Morrison — Shall I tell you all?

My father, prejudiced against you by the malicious reports which the censorious have propagated, has had the cruelty to forbid my corresponding with you: he even threat-

threatened to intercept my letters. This made me the more readily accept of my aunt's invitation; for even a parent's authority shall not prevail on me to desert my friend. So here I am, my dear, with, perhaps, one of the most disagreeable, peevish old women in England; but that I don't regard, since it puts it in my power, at least, to give you my best advice, and to hear from my beloved Jessy, whose misfortunes have doubly endeared her to the heart of her Nancy.

Who do you think resides in our neighbourhood? — Your worthy admirer, Addison. He has

scraped acquaintance with me, in spite of my vigilant Duerina, who, having, as she tells me, a natural antipathy to the odious male creatures, would never, by her good will, suffer one of them to enter her antiquated mansion. However, as Addison is a man of fashion and fortune, and has, besides, a most amiable character, she, to oblige me, now and then permits him the honour to sip a dish of tea with us. It was not without a great deal of altercation, I could bring this to bear; but you know I do not easily give up a point on which I set my heart: and now he has so artfully adapted himself to

her

her humour that he is absolutely become a great favourite, and even bids fair to rival the monkey in her good graces. He condescends to talk to her in her own style; listens, without suffering a yawn to escape, to her everlasting stories; patiently hears her piously demolish the reputation of her neighbours, and joins with her in pronouncing this the most wicked of all possible ages; and all this, my dear, for having, now and then, the pleasure of talking to me of his Jessy. O, how ardently he loves you, and how every way is he worthy of a return

He tells me, Sir George is not so regular a correspondent as he used to be, and we both think this a bad symptom. I informed him of your present situation, and of Sir George's being at your house. He was startled at this, and longs with me to know the result of his visit. He believes you love his friend, and therefore wishes earnestly to hear of your union: for so disinterested is his passion, that he prefers your happiness to his own. He says, however, that if Sir George should prove a villain, and you be under a necessity to leave your unworthy step-mother, that he would still joyfully tender
you

BRIDAL DAY. 61

you his hand and heart; and though he could not excite in you a warmer sentiment than that of esteem, yet he should think the esteem of a woman like you preferable, and a better foundation for matrimonial felicity, than the most passionate love of any other of our sex. "Oh!" added he, putting his spread hand on his breast, "would she but consent to be mine, I should not despair, in time, to kindle in her gentle bosom a mutual flame."

Were I in your place, Jessy, I know what I would do; but you love-sick damsels are so unper-suadable—

persuadable — I do, however, insist upon it, that, if Sir George disappoints your hopes, you accept of his rival's generous offer. None of your false delicacy, child. This worthy man would be content to have you on any terms. Oh! how joyously would you, by this means, punish that step-mother of thine! Adieu, I am interrupted. Heaven protect my Jessy.

ANNE SOMERSET.

LETTER



LETTER XXIV.

Miss BEVILLE

TO

Miss SOMERSET.

LET me, in the first place, answer that part of your letter which concerns Mr. Addison. How could you, my dear Nancy, for one moment, suppose it possible for me *now* to accept of his hand? Would you have me act so selfish,

so

so ungenerous a part? After having, while in affluence, rejected his offers, would you, now I am poor and friendless, have me so mean as to take advantage of his weakness, when I am deprived of every thing, even my reputation? Far be so despicable, so base a procedure from your Jessy. I will own to you, however, that, as Sir George sinks in my esteem, the other gains ground; and I could now wish I had accepted of him for my protector. I have not that romantic idea of love which you attribute to me. It is true, I gave his friend the preference, but it was before I knew the *faulty* part of
of

BRIDAL DAY. 65

of his character. This fatal prepossession rendered me less attentive to Mr. Addison's merit than I might otherwise have been. I do not doubt, if I had married him with no other sentiments than those of esteem and gratitude for the love he honours me with, but that, from those seeds sown in my heart, a tender and ardent affection might have sprung. But 'tis past; 'tis needless, therefore, to talk on the subject. One of a far more disagreeable nature now engrosses my attention.

I must, my dear girl, fly from a place once so dear to me, but
now

now rendered odious by the presence of a man who visibly seeks my ruin. He is in form become my mother's boarder. Imprudent, cruel woman! But she is no doubt well paid for so warmly interesting herself in his affairs. I have no asylum but my chamber, and even that was last night invaded. The determinate seducer — hear how artfully they managed their plot.

I was in bed, the room door, as usual, firmly bolted, when my mother's maid alarmed me, by screaming out at it, that her mistress was dying. I started up, hurried

BRIDAL DAY. 67

hurried on a few of my cloaths, and ran to her apartment, truly affected at the account she gave me of her danger. I found her, as she pretended, in racking tortures with the cholick, to which she is subject. All the house was alarmed. I administered her usual remedies; and was so intent in discharging this charitable office, that, for some time, I did not perceive Sir George, in his night-gown and slippers, was amongst the number of her attendants. Terrified at meeting him at so unseasonable an hour, when I was in so slight a dishabille, and forgetting every thing but my own safety, I

hurried

hurried to my room. Alas! the most imprudent step I could take. In attempting to fasten the door, I found somebody on the outside forcing it open again. Trembling with fear, I sunk on my knees. In a moment, Sir George appeared before me on his, pouring out a thousand vows of everlasting love. I screamed with all my force. He endeavoured to pacify me; swore he would not attempt the slightest liberty; only besought me patiently to hear what he had to say to me.

“No, no, no,” cried I, “is
 “this a time to hear you? Leave
 “me,

“ me, leave me, or to the last
 “ moment of my life I will detest
 “ you.”

“ Are you not mine,” said he,
 “ mine by the most solemn vows?
 “ Why will you mistrust my ho-
 “ nour?”

While he spoke he clasped me
 in his arms. I redoubled my cries.
 Heaven knows to what lengths he
 might have proceeded, for I saw
 an odious fierceness in his eyes,
 had not an old servant, now the
 only friend I have left in the fa-
 mily, come seasonably to my assis-
 tance. I was at Sir George's
 feet,

feet, my hands clasped imploring his mercy. Nothing could equal the poor old man's astonishment to see me in that posture. Sir George, in a stern voice, ordered him to be gone. I seized his arm.

“Not while I have life,” said the worthy creature, “will I leave my young Lady exposed to danger. O, Sir, little did I think I should ever live to see this day! What would my poor departed master have thought, had he seen his darling daughter treated in such a manner?”

Sir

Sir George flew into a rage. 'Twas well he had no sword at the time, or my humble friend would hardly have escaped with his life.

“ You have finely exposed both
 “ yourself and me, Madam,” said
 he with indignation, “ by your
 “ ridiculous fears. On the foot-
 “ ing we are, I should have ex-
 “ pected a different treatment.
 “ None but you, after the solemn
 “ engagement we have entered
 “ into, would have doubted my
 “ honour. Do not, however, in-
 “ jure me so far as to imagine
 “ this a concerted plot; chance
 “ alone

“ alone gave rise to this adventure.
 “ I could not behold you, all
 “ lovely as you at this moment
 “ appear, without giving vent to
 “ the transports your charms ex-
 “ cited. And now, good night,
 “ my Jessy. Judge favourably of
 “ me, for be assured I will study
 “ to deserve your approbation.”
 So saying he retired.

You may imagine what sort of
 a night I passed, after being so
 cruelly alarmed. Next morning
 I went to Mrs. Beville's room, for
 she pretended to be confined to
 it by a continuation of her indis-
 position. I told her that it was
 abso-

absolutely necessary for us to part, since she chose to let Sir George take up his residence with her; and that I was even determined not to stay another night under the same roof with him, since I was at last fatally convinced of his base intentions. She affected, with her usual levity, to ridicule my apprehensions: attributing the liberties he had last night taken to the violence of his passion, and to my keeping him at too haughty a distance. "Things," added she, "cannot be worse than they already are in the world's opinion, and a man like him is certainly worth waiting for; though, to

74 JESSY; OR, THE

“ say truth, his delays are a little
“ teasing. But, remember, if he
“ does not marry you, your cha-
“ racter is irretrievably ruined.
“ Let us, therefore, my dear
“ Jessy, patiently wait, and endea-
“ vour to prevail on him to fulfil
“ his engagement. It is for that
“ purpose alone I encourage his
“ stay.”

“ I scorn to accept of him on
“ such terms,” returned I disdain-
“ fully; “ nor will I wait till he
“ shall please to determine what
“ is to become of the poor crea-
“ ture whom his vile arts have
“ already deprived of what she
“ prized

“prized more than life; there-
 “fore, Madam, I now take my
 “leave of you. Let fate dispose
 “of me as it sees fit; I will run
 “all risques rather than stay one
 “night longer in this house.”

“Pardon me, Miss Beville,”
 said she, “we do not part so easily.
 “There are some accounts, which
 “must first be settled between us.
 “You cannot expect that I should,
 “since your father’s death, give
 “you your board and lodging for
 “nothing.”

“Name your price, Madam,”
 said I haughtily; “take all I
 E 2 “have,

“ have, only suffer me to de-
 “ part.”

“ No, Miss, I know the scan-
 “ dalous stories you will spread
 “ to my disadvantage. I know,
 “ should I let you take so impru-
 “ dent a step in your destitute
 “ and friendless situation, all the
 “ blame would fall on me. I
 “ shall, therefore, for my own
 “ sake, as well as yours, make you
 “ my prisoner, ’till we see how
 “ your affairs with Sir George turn
 “ out”

“ Your prisoner, Madam!”

“ Yes,

“Yes, my prisoner. Take care
 “how you attempt to make your
 “escape, lest you fall into worse
 “hands.”

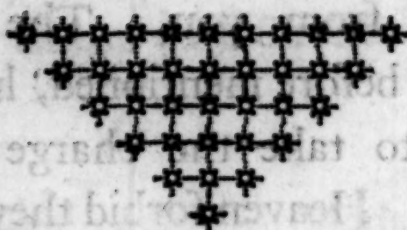
I burst into tears. Ah! my
 dear Nancy, what shall I do? No
 doubt all my motions will be
 watched, her threat of falling into
 worse hands terrifies me. No
 doubt she means Sir George's. I
 have shut myself up in my apart-
 ment, where I shall remain 'till
 I hear from you. The honest
 servant before mentioned, has pro-
 mised to take the charge of my
 letters. Heaven forbid they should
 be intercepted! Sir George has

LETTER E 3 wrote

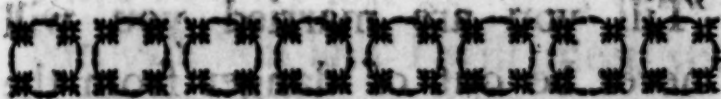
78 JESSY; OR, THE

wrote me an apology for his last night's behaviour. He intreats me to let him, in person, plead his excuse, but not a hint of the only reparation he can make me. No, if I can avoid it, I never will see him more. How dreadful is my situation! O, my dear friend, hasten your answer, tell me what I ought to do.

JESSY BEVILLE.



LETTER



LETTER XXV.

Miss SOMERSET

T 6

Miss BEVILLE.

I WILL tell you what you ought to do, my dear; and what, without deliberation or scruple, I would do myself in your situation. — Accept of Mr. Addison's again offered hand. I read him your letter: He was in ecstasy at

E 4

that

that part which regarded himself. "Till you are married you will never be out of danger from the devices of your enemies. Suppose you do make your escape; where can you fly to, where can you find a place of safety but under the protection of a husband? Hear the scheme which Mr. Addison and I have concerted, and as you value my favour, as you value your own happiness, consent to it. On the receipt of this, by the assistance of your faithful domestic, make your escape. This I think you may by a little dissimulation and his aid, effect. Go immediately to Sir Edward Benthick's

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tick's country seat at ***; where Mr. Addison and I will meet you on Friday, as we think you may by that time have concerted your measures. If you do not come on that day we will wait 'till the next, or longer. Sir Edward is a particular friend of Mr. Addison's. A clergyman will be of our party, that your worthy, generous lover may immediately give himself a legal claim to be your protector. Don't start at my proposal: The critical situation of your affairs makes this step absolutely necessary; nor durst I engage in the scheme, without having it in my power to present you to my aunt

as the wife of Mr. Addison. We were obliged to trust her with the secret of our intended expedition; I could not else have obtained leave to espouse your cause, or give you my assistance. Prepare, therefore, your intended nuptials, from which I foresee many, many years of felicity. Mr. Addison will neither think you mean or selfish, in consenting to his ardent wishes. No false delicacy, therefore, I again repeat it, but come, and may providence guide you to your true and affectionate friends who impatiently long to embrace you. Remember you are to drive from the post town in your neighbourhood,

BRIDAL DAY. 83

hood; where you may get a chaise
to Sir Edward Bentick's. Adieu,
my dearest Jessy: May no disap-
pointment frustrate my high raised
hopes of your approaching happi-
ness.

A. SOMERSET.



E 6 LETTER

post-chaise in waiting for me. I have followed your advice in regard to a little dissimulation: I have even affected to be reconciled to Sir George. Mrs. Beville is in high good humour with me. They do not now despair of succeeding in their villanous purposes; nor do they, I dare say, in the least suspect my meditated flight. I walked near two hours by myself this morning, and no one took the trouble to watch my motions; so that I may safely promise to be with you on Friday morning. But what a strange romantic project is yours, my dear girl! and in what a hurry have you

wrote

wrote your last letter! 'Tis so blotted, so interlined, that I could hardly, after the three or four first lines, have known it to be your hand; though you do now and then, when your thoughts flow upon you, and when your heart is deeply interested, write a droll sort of a scrawl. But adieu, I must prepare for my important journey. With gratitude I subscribe myself

Your affectionate

JESSY.

LETTER



LETTER XVII.

Sir GEORGE STANLEY

Sir EDWARD BENTICK.

WHAT a glorious project!
O how I triumph! In the net,
with which the little fool spread
for her enemies, is she caught
herself. That ever she should
think of commencing plotter! Or
that I should be blinded by the
thin

thin veil of female dissimulation! Bentick, I could for ever dwell on the success of this my last, best, well-concerted project; but you, no doubt, are curious to know the particulars: attend then.

I informed you that I had for some days past intercepted my charmer's letters, though few of them were worth the trouble. But my attention began to be excited, when I found her confident, a good shrewd girl, had stumbled on Addison, and that they had laid their wife heads together, to save her from my villanous attempts, an please you. The last
came

came with a flaming proposal of marriage from him, and a scheme concerted for her escape, they offering to meet her on the road, at any place she would appoint. This curious epistle, being wrote in a careless female scrawl, which any female might imitate, I got Mrs. Beville to model so as to answer a scheme which it first suggested. She did it to a miracle. I send you enclosed the copy. We sealed it up again, and kept it till I could send you my instructions, which you have most punctually fulfilled, and for which I am highly indebted to you. It was then, by trusty Joseph, delivered to his
lady,

lady, and her answer delivered to me; which, having properly studied, I committed to the flames. In it the little plotter promised to make her escape on Friday, at two in the morning, and that she would, as desired, join her friend, and Addison, at Sir Edward Bentick's. (I did not know that you were acquainted, Ned; nor you neither, I believe.) Little did the dear creature suspect who was there to welcome her. I set off a few hours sooner than she did, for your country seat, had a clergyman, of my own ordaining, ready equipped in flowing canonicals, borrowed from the wardrobe

BRIDAL DAY. 91

wardrobe of her deceased father, and every thing else in readiness for her reception. As I drove at a furious rate, I was there an age, as it appeared to me, before she arrived. She came at last, however. Oh! how my heart palpitated when I heard her carriage drive into the court-yard! It was at this time near eight in the morning. I saw her get out and dismiss her attendant. The door was then opened by your commodious house-keeper, who, on her enquiring for Miss Somerset, with great ceremony ushered her up stairs, according to my directions, and then into a bed chamber,

ber, as most convenient for my future *manœuvres*.

"Miss Somerset," said the woman, "is in the next room with a gentleman. I will let her know you are come, and she will instantly attend you."

She threw herself into an armed chair, fatigued with her midnight expedition, and, in a few moments, your triumphant friend was at her feet.

Had you seen her looks, had you heard her heart-piercing scream—My pen is unequal to the task—

task—She fainted. By my soul, I never in my life was so much affected as at the expressive anguish which appeared on her death-like countenance. But not long did my remorse continue. I steeled my heart against her by recollecting that she came there to meet my rival; that she meant to give him her hand; and that she had for some days past endeavoured to deceive me by a feigned tenderness; and, lastly, that I had gone too far to retract. By proper remedies we restored her to life. She was almost frantic.

What

What a bustle do these women of virtue make about their honour, and such stuff! and what stratagems do we make use of to deprive them of what, when we have got it, is scarce worth our pains! But, ah! how sweet, to us sons of Eve, is dear, forbidden fruit!

By your knowing house-keeper's advice, I had mixed a certain stu-
pifying drug with the water which we made her drink, in order to recover her from her swoon. This soon began to operate, and made her much more passive than she would otherwise have been. I,

in

in the mean time, swore roundly that I meant to make her honourably mine, and, to convince her of this, produced honest Richard in his robes. She gazed on him with a sort of stupid wonder in her looks, for the dose I had administered had a good deal disordered her senses. She raised her eyes to heaven, and, clasping her hands, in a faint voice exclaimed, "My father!" then pointing to me, uttered a scream, and added, "Save me! save me!"

"My dear creature," said I, taking her stretched-out hand, "I wish for nothing but to ful-
" fil

“fil my last solemn engagement
“to that father whose spirit you
“now invoke. Will you suffer
“this gentleman to perform the
“ceremony?”

She shook her head and repeated, “That gentleman!”

“Yes, my love, there wants
“only your consent: every thing
“is in readiness.”

She sunk on her knees, and seemed to be putting up a mental prayer, for she had hardly strength to speak, so powerfully did my medicine operate. At last, turning
ing

ing to me with a look so full of
wo that it pierced my soul, "Oh!
Stanley," cried she, mustering up
all the force that remained, "do
" you thus requite my love? To
" heaven you must answer for my
" ruin and my death."

Her lovely arms were extended,
her eyes fixed on my face. I ne-
ver beheld so moving an attitude
as she had thrown herself into.

" Your ruin, my love! Do
" you then esteem it ruin to be-
" come my wife?"

VOL. II. F " Your

“Your wife!” repeated the sweet echo.

“Yes, my Jessy: did you not come here with that intention?”

She gazed round her, and seemed endeavouring to collect her scattered thoughts. At last, “I have a faint remembrance,” said she, “of some intended marriage; but my senses are strangely disordered.”

“You are fatigued, my angel, and stand in need of rest. Let us

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“ us hasten the ceremony, and
“ then you may repose yourself
“ on my faithful bosom.”

I took her hand. She struggled, with all the force she had left, to disengage it, and, clasping me round the knees, for she was still on hers, “ O Sir George, I implore your mercy !” Hardly had she in a faint voice uttered this sentence, when sleep overpowered her senses, and she sunk on the carpet, no longer in a condition to oppose my wishes. I was sorry we had given her so strong a dose, as her insensibility rendered my joys imperfect. It

saved me, however, from the trouble, and I suppose I must add, *guilt*, of a sham marriage, though I was not in a humour to stop at any thing that might facilitate my purpose. She was put to bed, and, when she waked, she found herself in my arms. Then the storm of female rage, despair, and grief, commenced. I endeavoured to assuage her anguish, by swearing, in the most solemn manner, that we were married. I offered to call the clergyman, who was still in the house, and the witnesses who were present at the ceremony, to confirm the truth of what I asserted. She gave not
the

BRIDAL DAY. 101

the least attention to what I said, but continued her moving lamentations, 'till, quite exhausted with the violence of her emotions, she sunk at last into a swoon, which lasted so long, that I absolutely began to think death, envious of my happiness, had robbed me of my lovely prize. I got up, and summoned the whole family to my assistance. Every remedy was applied, and, at length, with success. She opened her sweet eyes; she gazed wildly round her, and, uttering a scream, closed them again, as if terrified at the objects that surrounded her. Honest

F 3 Richard;

Richard, still in his robes, then took her hand.

“Dear Madam,” said he, “what
“a strange behaviour is this!
“Little did I think what would
“be the consequence of a mar-
“riage to which you did not, this
“morning, manifest any thing but
“maidenly reluctance. Had I
“known that it would have ren-
“dered you thus miserable, never
“would I have performed the
“ceremony. But, since 'tis past,
“you ought to reconcile yourself
“to your duty. Remember the
“awful engagement you have
“entered into, remember your
“solemn

“solemn vows of love and obedience.”

“Wretch!” cried she, pushing him from her with indignation; “how dare you profane the sacred character you have impiously assumed? Do you not tremble at the vengeance of heaven which hangs over your guilty head?— And you, abandoned man!” turning to me, “what punishment may you not expect for your atrocious crimes, for your violated oath to my dying father, for the ruin of a poor unhappy girl who never injured you; nay who once, O

“ fatal weakniess ! loved you but
 “ too well ?”

Softened by this recollection, she burst into tears. There was something so moving, so pathetick in her manner, that, even the hardened Jefferson began to screw up her ugly face. Dick stood aghast : conscience-struck, and abash'd, he felt the force of awful virtue. I was myself rather awkward. We were all silent, for some moments ; during which time, she surveyed us by turns with looks of the most sovereign contempt. Mortified to make so despi-

BRIDAL DAY. 165

despicable a figure, I endeavoured to work myself into a rage; for,

“Women, born to be controlled,

“Stoop to the forward and the bold,””

Assuming, therefore, one of my most angry looks, “I will no longer, Madam,” said I, “tamely submit
“to your female caprice. You
“have already but too much ex-
“posed both yourself and me.
“And did I not entertain for you
“the most sincere, ardent passion;
“I should be tempted to repent
“my having condescended to
“make you my wife.”

F 5

“Your

“Your wife!” interrupted she, with indignation; “how I despise you for thinking you can so easily impose on my credulity!”

“By heavens, Madam,” and I stamped with my foot, “this is too much. Did you not consent to a private marriage? This the inequality of our rank and fortune rendered necessary, till I can by degrees reconcile my friends to the rash step I have taken. Was not the ceremony performed with every requisite form to render it valid? What more can you ask? Nay,
“ was

“ was you not this morning
 “ fied to become mine, on the
 “ terms I have mentioned ?”

“ O vile, artful, and abandoned
 “ seducer!” exclaimed she. “Think
 “ you I am so weak, so very weak
 “ as to believe you? What I
 “ did, or said this accursed morn-
 “ ing you best know, who cruelly
 “ deprived me of my reason. But
 “ now, thank heaven, I am re-
 “ stored to my senses. Yet fatal
 “ is that restoration, since it
 “ shows me all the horror of my
 “ fate. I know I am not your
 “ wife, I know to what a wretched
 “ state you have reduced me; but,

“lost as I am to fame, to happi-
 “ness and peace, conscious inno-
 “cence still sheds a ray of com-
 “fort o’er my almost distracted
 “mind.”

I turned to my companions with
 an air of affected anxiety. “This
 “is a strange affair,” cried I;
 “something must be done. Her
 “head is certainly disordered.
 “Nothing but madness could
 “make her talk so wildly. I
 “know not what apology to make
 “you, reverend Sir, for the treat-
 “ment you have received; but
 “you see the condition my dear
 “creature is in, and will, I dare
 “say,

“ say, have the goodness to par-
 “ don a behaviour which nothing
 “ but her present disorder of mind
 “ could excuse.”

“ You had better retire, gentle-
 “ men,” said Jefferson, “ and
 “ leave the lady to us women”
 (for one of the house-maids
 was also in the room) “ she will
 “ perhaps be more composed,
 “ when she has had leisure to recol-
 “ lect herself. Her present disorder
 “ may be owing to the severe fit
 “ from which she is but imper-
 “ fectly recovered.”

At

110 JESSY; OR, THE

At the close of this speech, my angel raised her eyes to heaven, and, clasping her hands, cried, "What wretches! what hardened wretches! But thou, Lord," still looking up, "art able to deliver me from their power, and on thee, on thee alone do I cast myself for mercy; from them I expect none." Again she burst into tears.

Sin, the grave ones say, brings its own punishment along with it; and faith, I was at that moment almost tempted to believe they said true; for my imperfect joys were hardly worth the distress

I suf-

BRIDAL DAY. III

I suffered on seeing to what a state of wretchedness I had reduced the woman whom I pretended, nay really thought, I loved. But I find a libertine loves only himself. Yet who would have thought she would have made so violent a bustle? A few tears and reproaches I expected; but such a solemn, settled grief, and, what is still worse, such an abhorrence for him she calls her undoer, is amazing, and what I never looked for. I thought, and I have found it so, from a thousand instances, that women, having passions as well as we (but which custom forbids them to gratify) only wish for a decent pretence

pretence to follow their inclinations. Now this I furnished her with, by the pretended marriage: taking it for granted that, as she loved me, she would easily excuse the innocent stratagems of a lover, which were only invented to save her modesty. And, after all, what great injury have I done her? She was poor and friendless: I have raised, or at least wish to raise her to affluence. My fortune she shall command. Her reputation has long been exposed to censure; what then has she lost? "Her virtue." A pretty toy, on which your country girls, and country girls only, in our modish days,

days, set any value. You will, perhaps, say, she might have married Addison. But could she, when, I have the vanity to believe, she had bestowed her heart on me, have been happy in such a joyless, loveless union? "No, but she might then have appeared with reputation in the world." A fig for reputation; who now regards it? Do not our fine ladies, one and all, set it at defiance? "But she is not a fine lady." True, but she may be one, if she pleases. My study shall be to make her so: so no more of your buts. The deed is done, and it cannot be recalled; so the little coy fool

ought

ought to make the best of it, and not, by her perverseness, thus damp my flame. For, though I am eager in the pursuit of an intrigue, yet, when it is come the length that this has done, I am not of a humour to combat female obstinacy; since, in my opinion, one fine girl is well-nigh as good as another, and if one won't be kind, another will: let her be ware then, lest, by her cruelty, she drives me from her. Julia, the lovely Julia will, I know, most joyfully receive me. I will, however, omit no endeavour to soften this fair Lucretia: if I succeed—well; if not—let her take the

BRIDAL DAY. 115

the consequence. Adieu. I expire
with fatigue.

I remember a sage, old aunt of mine used to say, that, if people would take but half the trouble and pains to be *good*, that they do to be *wicked*, the world would be stocked with *saints* instead of *sinners*.

I began this epistle with triumph, but I have scribbled myself horribly out of spirits: I wish you were here to raise them.

Yours,

G. STANLEY.



LETTER XXVII.

From the same to the same.

YOU never saw such a bustle as we had last night on my claiming the prerogative of a husband. I had, you must know, taken effectual measures to confine her to her bed. Knowing that she stood in need of rest, I ordered Jefferson to remove her cloaths, so that, except she chose to array herself in a winding sheet, no other garment being come-atable, she could not,

not, possibly, get up. O how she raved! The women never left her apartment. About twelve at night I joined them, having fortified myself with a couple of bottles of your excellent champaign, which had an admirable effect on my spirits. At the sight of me she uttered the most piercing shrieks, but I soon, by my kisses, stifled them. She struggled with amazing strength, and at last disengaged herself from my encircling arms: then, throwing herself on the floor, naked as she was, panting, sobbing, crying, with clasped hands, dishevelled hair, and streaming eyes, she exclaimed, “O kill me,
kill

kill me, and end at once my shame and misery. I endeavoured to raise her: calling all the powers above to witness that she was my lawful, wedded wife, and that nothing should make me forego my just prerogative. Her violent struggling and emotions had exhausted her strength, so that I found not much difficulty to replace her on the bed. I was preparing to follow, when, casting my eyes on her lovely face, I beheld on it a death-like paleness. I layed my hand on her heart: it no longer beat. Almost frantick with terror, I furiously rang the bell. In a moment in bolted the women.

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women. They no sooner beheld the condition she was in, than they both at once exclaimed, "O heavens! she's dead! What will become of us?" I was of the same opinion; but, on applying proper remedies, we found it had only been a deep and deadly swoon.

A plague on these fainting fits, which the women have, on these occasions, so much at their command. She continued to play them off for half the night, so that she quite disconcerted my intended plan of operation. On recovering her from the last, I found her hands, which were clasped in
mine,

mine, burnt like fire, her pulse quick, her colour heightened, her head delirious, and, in short, every symptom of a fever. What now was to be done? Really alarmed for her danger, I sent immediately to town for a physician, but it was too far distant to expect one that night. I therefore took upon me that province 'till a more skilful one arrived. We again administered a sleeping draught, which soon composed her, but her slumbers were broken and interrupted; for we gave her but a slight dose, fearing the consequence. I had thrown myself by her on the bed, and made her rest her lovely, languid

guid head on my bosom. O how happy was I to feel her sweet breath on my cheek! Once or twice she sighed forth my name, for which I rapturously kissed the balmy lips that uttered it. She was quite passive; and, but for my apprehension of her danger, it would have been the most delightful night I ever passed. I began to hope she would at length be softened in my favour, and that I should, ere long, enjoy the transports of mutual love; but I did not know what an obstinate I had to deal with, and that she would prefer even the cold embrace of that meagre fellow Death to

mine. She waked in the morning, not at all refreshed with her artificial (I think I may call them) slumbers. She was, however, perfectly in her senses. I was still by her on the bed, dress'd however, in my night-gown, &c. She looked at me for a moment with a silent anguish; then, raising her eyes, "The man I, once, " more than esteem'd! — O, is " it possible, can he, can he be " such a villain? Is this he " whom my dear departed father " endeavoured, with such unre- " mitted pains, to train up in " the paths of honour? Is this " he who swore so solemnly, at " the

“ the awful hour of his de-
 “ parture, to be the protector,
 “ the friend of his poor de-
 “ serted orphan? Witness, hea-
 “ ven, how nobly he has per-
 “ formed his sacred trust!”

“ My dear creature, how you
 “ affect me!” and the tear ab-
 solutely started into my eye.

“ Tell me, Sir George,” re-
 sumed she, in a steady, com-
 posed voice, “ what other mi-
 “ sery have you yet in store for
 “ me, if it is possible for the wick-
 “ edness of man to plunge me
 “ deeper than I am in remedi-

“less afflicted let me know,
“at least, what is to be my
“miserable fate, and be quick,
“or death, who is kindly
“hastening to my relief, will
“rob you of your prey.”

“O, my angel! talk not of
“death: Many, many happy
“years are yet, I trust, in store
“for us both. My happiness
“must ever depend on yours.
“Once (alas! how have I for-
“feited the high-prized blessing!)
“our hearts were united, and
“now, at least, our destinies
“are so, and that by the most
“sacred vows.”

“Think

“ Think not, Sir George, that
 “ I am still delirious; wound
 “ not my ears by a repetition of
 “ a falsehood, which can answer
 “ no purpose but to plunge you,
 “ if possible, still deeper in
 “ guilt. Well do I know that
 “ I am not your wife. Heaven
 “ forbid I should be united to a
 “ wretch like you, who have,
 “ with such unrelenting, savage
 “ cruelty, ruined the poor creature
 “ you had sworn to protect. All I
 “ ask, is liberty to quit this de-
 “ tested house.”

“ You cannot, my beloved
 “ creature, leave it in your pre-

“sent condition; but be assured,
“I do not mean to detain you
“my prisoner. No; if I have
“fatally forfeited your love, but
“little satisfaction should I find
“from the enjoyment of your
“person.”

“Then let me go, Sir. Order
“me to be carried hence: no
“matter where, only let it be
“where I may never behold you
“more. As to my illness, I
“will run all risks rather than
“stay: it will but hasten my
“death a few days, and that
“will be by me esteemed a
“blessing. A very little spot
“of

"of earth is all I can, in this
 "world, claim as my own: a
 "grave you cannot, have it not
 "in your power to refuse me;
 "and it is there I wish to lay
 "me down in peace, for only
 "there can I hope to find
 "it."

I was forced to pull out my
 handkerchief, there was no stand-
 ing her moving, eloquent for-
 row.

"Do you really weep, Sir
 "George? or are your tears
 "feigned like that fatal tender-
 "ness which first seduced my
 "affections

“affections and laid the founda-
 “tion of my ruin? For your
 “own sake, not mine, I wish
 “them sincere. O may you
 “repent, may you find mercy,
 “though none could I obtain
 “from you!”

Penetrated with her goodness,
 I threw myself on my knees.

“O, my Jessy, I have, I own,
 “acted the part of a villain;
 “I shudder at the recollection,
 “not so much of my guilt, as
 “at the misery I have made
 “you, on whom I fondly doat,
 “suffer. But here I swear to
 “repair

BRIDAL DAY. 129

“repair my fault, and this very
“day to make you truly and
“lawfully mine.”

“Yours! Mean and despicable
“man! And do you think I would
“condescend, were you even
“serious in your proposal, that I
“would accept the hand which
“stabbed my peace, murdered
“my reputation, and plunged
“me in shame and anguish?
“No, never, never. Death,
“alone, shall now be my bride-
“groom. To his cold embrace I
“am hastening, the victim of thy
“barbarous cruelty.”

'Tis well she did not take me at my word, Ned; for, by my soul, I was at that moment serious in my proposal. Was ever any thing so obstinately perverse? The entrance of the physician put an end to our dialogue, which had lasted too long for my peace. I rode out, in hopes the fresh air would revive my harrassed spirits. When I returned, I consulted the flowing-wigg'd gentleman in regard to his fair patient. He is of opinion that she is in a very dangerous way. Hopes, however, his prescriptions may be of service to her; and, in the mean time, begs she may be kept extremely

BRIDAL DAY. 131

tremely quiet. I have repeated his sage orders to your pair of domesticks and one of mine, whom I shall leave to attend her.

"Leave!" you cry. Aye leave.

Do you think I can stay in this disconsolate mansion, where nothing is heard but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth? No, faith; I have but little relish for the dolorous oh! or to hear a sigh as long as my arm.

I could now curse myself for being the author of all this mischief. I have given strict charges that no means should be omitted, no expence spared, to facilitate

her recovery. If she does recover, I will, to make amends for my *faux pas*, settle on her half my fortune, marry lady Julia, turn over a new leaf, and by that means put a finishing stroke to my already begun reformation. Then farewell, my gentle Jeffy, thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart. Alas! and must I leave thee?

I am on the wing for Lord Greville's. I hope your fair widow will be there. I also desire you will meet me at that abode of the Loves and Graces, for I am most wofully, most dolorously in the dumps, and very much
stand

BRIDAL DAY. 133

stand in need of your friendly consolation. Ah! this comes of intriguing, Ned. Take warning by

G. STANLEY.



LETTER



LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BEVILLE

TO

MISS SOMERSET.

THE ruin'd, miserable, dying
 Jessy, with trembling hand, pre-
 fumes to address a few lines to
 the generous maid who once
 honour'd her with her friend-
 ship, and who, though she may
 no longer condescend to regard
 her

her in that light, will yet, I doubt not, drop a pitying tear at the recital of her woes. But who shall be the relater? The very recollection harrows up my soul. Oh, miss Somerset, what have I not suffered since the receipt of your last fatal letter! Yours, do I call it? Ah! no, it was a vile forgery, and betrayed me into the power of a villain who has robb'd me of my honour by the most infernal arts, and now leaves me languishing on a bed of sickness, where, every moment, in the anguish of my spirit, I call on death to put an end to my wretched

wretched existence. Surrounded by strangers, by creatures lost to every sense of virtue and humanity, who, with remorseless, flinty hearts behold my sufferings, see me, without one pitying sigh, dying, in the bloom of youth, of a burning fever and a broken heart—Oh, my friend!—let me once more call you so; will you not come to bid your once-loved Jessy a last adieu? Will you not close her eyes, and see her decently laid in the silent grave, where she, and all her wrongs will be forgotten? Wrong'd! by whom? Oh, afflictive thought! by him on whom she foolishly

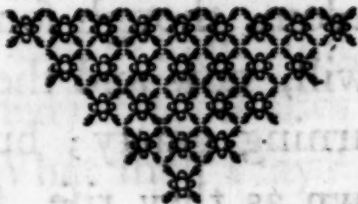
foolishly bestowed her virgin heart. May my weak sex, too fond of exterior graces, be warned by my hapless fate! — I have hardly strength to hold my pen, yet I have much to say. One thing I must beg of you, which is, that you do not give Mr. Addison the slightest hint of the dreadful misfortune that has befallen me. Heaven forbid he should endanger his valued life, or even that of my cruel enemy, by attempting to revenge my cause. No, may he live to repent his crimes. I would not, for worlds, he should, on my account, be cut off in the midst of his sins. You may let
that

that worthy man know I am ill, and that I have left my mother, as you advised. Fatal step! as it has proved; but who can foresee events? If you, my friend (pardon this freedom) would condescend to honour me with a charitable visit, I might, by your means, be removed, from this detested house, to some little cottage in the neighbourhood, where I might die in peace; and, I would hope, my melancholy story will never be known to the world; at least till I am out of the reach of its censure. May I hope for this favour? You know not what a consolation your
dear

BRIDAL DAY. 139

dear presence would be to me.
You will find me at Sir Edward
Bentick's, at ***, the friend of
him to whom I owe my ruin and
my death. Adieu, I can no
more.

J. B.



LETTER

140 JESSY; OR, THE



LETTER XXIX.

Sir GEORGE STANLEY

TO

Sir EDWARD BENTICK.

HERE I again begin to breathe with freedom, though some cursed qualms will, now and then, damp my returning gaiety; but I ram them down as they rise, flying to my Julia, the bright beams of whose eyes, cheer my drooping heart. —
O Jessy, Jessy, why does thy lovely
image

image thus for ever haunt me ?
 I every day send off a messenger
 express to know how she is. No
 hopes, they tell me, not the slight-
 est hopes of her recovery. Your
 house is become a college of phy-
 sicians. I have summoned all that
 are esteemed eminent in their pro-
 fession to attend the dying angel !
 Dying ! O ! the very thought plants
 daggers in my breast ! I must not
 think—the torture is too exquisite.
 I would talk of something else ; but
 this cursed subject is always upper-
 most. What shall I say ? No mat-
 ter what, so it is not of my injured
 Jeffy.

Well

Well then, know that Julia is kind; that her brother joyfully encourages my addresses; that Richmore has now wheeled about to the left, and is commenced the humble servant of her fair sister, who seems inclined to lead him a wild-goose-chace, worse than that he has quitted; and that your little widow is, as usual, all life and gaiety, but torments me with her pretty female curiosity.

No, Jessy, though I have ruined you, yet let me not expose thee to the scornful pity of thy sex (thou, who in virtuous excellence did once—nay even *now* outshinest them

them all) the insolent pity— forbid
it heaven!

“Of each affected she, who tells thy story,
“And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.”

And so wouldst thou have been,
nay art; for I, villanous spoiler
as I am, have only robbed thee of
the shadow.

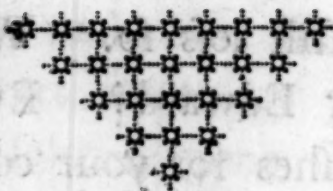
Still harping on this vile theme—
I cannot help it. Oh! for one re-
freshing draught of Lethe's care-
drowning stream. — But what can
a man do more than repent? and
that I do most heartily; nay,
have already made considerable
strides towards my intended re-
formation.

formation. Not so much as a roguish glance at the neat, rosy-faced nymphs whom I meet in my country rambles, though they stop and make me their best curtsies as I pass. Matrimony, sober matrimony now, alone, when I think of any thing but my Jessy, employs my thoughts: and, lest my recently vanquished antipathy should again muster up arms, and, by opposing my laudable resolution, make me, like a broken bow, start from my purpose; I have absolutely gone so far as to fix the day of my execution — my happiness I mean. One fortnight longer, only, am I to enjoy my

my freedom: a blessing which I would not, a few weeks ago, have parted with, though an empress had stretched forth her fair paw, and tendered it to my acceptance. Preparations are now actually making for my nuptials. — Oh Jessy! — With what a confounded number of ohs and ahs do I now embellish my dolorous epistles! But I am not the man I have been, and when I commence Benedic't I shall be still less so. Will you come, Sir Edward? Even the widow wishes for your company, for I am no longer in a humour to enliven her parties. Now's your time. If I know any thing

of the female heart, and I have paid pretty dear to gain that knowledge, she is at present inclined to be propitious to your suit.

G. STANLEY.



LETTER



LETTER XXX.

Miss SOMERSET

TO

Miss BEVILLE.

MAY misery, despair, anguish, and unavailing remorse be the portion of that hardened villain to whom my suffering Jessy owes her fall. How he effected it I do not ask, but will, with implicit faith, believe you still are innocent; at

H 2

least,

least in will, nor in the slightest manner were consenting to your ruin.

But oh! my dear, are you really so dangerously ill? Heaven forbid! My presence will, I hope, raise your drooping spirits, and revive you. I fly then on the wings of friendship; no authority shall detain me. I have punctually followed your orders in regard to Mr. Addison. Worthy man! what he suffers on account of your indisposition is impossible to be described. He wanted to accompany me, but I thought you might not, after so fatal an adventure, wish
to

to see him. I have, however, promised to write the moment I arrive at your abode, in some measure to relieve his painful anxiety. He still flatters himself that he shall be able to prevail on you to accept of his hand: nay, I verily believe, even the knowledge of what has happened to you would not change the purpose of this generous man.

This letter will reach you but a few hours before me. I cannot set off till night, because I durst not inform my aunt of my intended journey. It will be late before I shall venture to take my flight.

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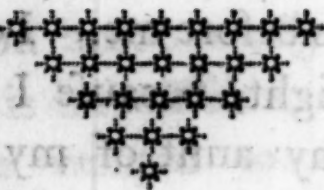
Natu-

150 JESSY; OR, THE

Naturally a coward, I should, on any other occasion, be terrified at the thoughts of travelling alone, and in the dark; but now all other fears are swallowed up in those I feel for you.

Adieu, my dear, suffering friend. My heart bleeds for your distress.

A. SOMERSET.



LETTER



LETTER XXXI.

Mrs SOMERSET

TO

Mr. ADDISON.

I MUST fulfil my promise to you; but, alas! my friend, the melancholy account I have to send, will, I know, deeply wound your heart.

I found our dear fugitive in a much more dangerous way than even my fears had represented. I should hardly have known her again, so much is she altered by her illness, and the grief which preys upon her spirits. Oh! if you knew all! — But I am commanded to be silent. Do not attempt to guess; add not to her sufferings by — What am I doing? I must restrain my perverse pen.

For many reasons she did not chuse to stay in the family where I found her; and though her removal would, the physicians told us, be attended with the most dangerous

gerous consequences, yet was I forced, by her earnest importunity, to comply with her request. I accordingly took lodgings for her at a neighbouring farm house, to which place she was, last night, conveyed in a kind of litter; but though we took all imaginable precaution to render her short journey as easy as possible, yet she several times fainted ere she reached the end of it. She was all gratitude to me for my care. Oh! could I be too tenderly attentive to one I so highly value?

“Now I am happy,” said she.

“Now, my beloved friend, I shall

H 5

“die

“ die in peace. Your dear pre-
 “ sence was all the comfort I
 “ could hope for in this miserable
 “ world. How ardently did I wish
 “ for it ! and how good, how ge-
 “ nerous was you to oblige me !”

I could only answer by my
 tears.

“ Do not weep, my Nancy, do
 “ not thus afflict yourself : no-
 “ thing but my death should close
 “ a scene like that in which I have
 “ fatally been engaged. Heaven
 “ knows I would not now live.
 “ Were life or death to be set be-
 “ fore me, cheerfully would I
 “ chuse

BRIDAL DAY. 155

“ chuse the latter. It is but a
“ short, a dreary passage to eternal
“ joys. This humble bed, com-
“ pared to the sumptuous one
“ which I exchanged it for, ap-
“ pears a bed of down. But oh!
“ how much more peaceful will
“ be my slumbers in the silent
“ grave!”

She then talked of you. I told
her the earnest desire you had to
see her.

“ He may see me,” said she,
with a faint smile, “ but by the
“ time he arrives, I shall no long-
“ er be in a condition to thank

H 6

“ him

“ him for all his unmerited kind-
 “ ness, his generous solicitude for
 “ my happiness. But you may
 “ then safely assure him, that his
 “ wishes are accomplished, and
 “ that I am supremely blessed.”

I feared talking might increase
 her disorder, and, therefore, beg-
 ged of her to be silent.

“ Suffer me, my dear Nancy,”
 said she, pressing my hand, “ to
 “ enjoy the few hours of life that
 “ remain. It is so long since I
 “ have known a moment’s peace
 “ or comfort, that I cannot re-
 “ strain the pleasing effusions of
 “ my

BRIDAL DAY. 157

“ my heart. It is an age since I
“ was, till now, blessed with the
“ company of my friend. I look
“ back to our last meeting. Ah!
“ how innocent, how happy was
“ I then! Cared, esteemed; the
“ idol of my doating parent, the
“ pride of his heart! How am I
“ fallen!”

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into tears. But I shall no longer dwell on the melancholy scene.

If you, Mr. Addison, wish once more to behold the lovely, expiring Jessy, hasten to***, where you will
see

see this drooping lily, withering
 in its prime, a victim to — Oh!
 how I could rave! — But I have
 already said too much, so difficult
 do I find it to restrain my just in-
 dignation. Come, and you will,
 then, perhaps, be intrusted with
 the whole secret of her fatal story.
 Adieu. Grief stops my pen.

A. SOMERSET.



LETTER



LETTER XXXII.

Miss SOMERSET

TO

Mrs. MORISON.

I HAVE just received my dear aunt's angry letter. Justly are you offended, since you know my Jeffy's story only from the unfavourable reports of a malicious, censuring world. But, when I have given you

you the melancholy particulars, I am convinced your humanity will plead for me, and that you will rather commend, than condemn the step which friendship urged me to take.

(Here Miss Somerset relates Miss Beville's unhappy adventure, which the editor thought proper to omit, as it is already known to the reader. She then proceeds, as follows :)

Mr. Addison, the very day he set out for the farm, received a letter from the vile Sir George, telling him that, as he could no longer
hope

hope to become the husband of Miss Beville, who, for some slight (so the villain calls them) transgressions, had banished him her presence; and who was, besides, in so very dangerous a way, that her life was, as he heard, despaired of; for these reasons he had yielded to the pressing remonstrances of his family, and had entered into a treaty of marriage with lady Julia Greville; and that this marriage is to be solemnized next Monday. He concludes (I am astonished at the wretch's assurance) with a request, that his friend would be present at the ceremony. On his arrival, Mr.

Addison

Addison shewed me this detested letter, which I read with all the indignation such villany ought to excite. He then besought me to lead him to his dying angel. No pen can describe this moving interview. The tear of anguish stole down his manly cheek, as he knelt by her bed-side : he could not speak ; but she was all serenity and composure, and endeavoured, with the most gentle eloquence, to assuage his grief. He could not long stand so affecting a scene, but retired into an adjoining apartment. I followed him. For some moments he sat stupified, and almost deprived of sense and motion.

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motion. At last he conjured me to tell him the particulars of her story. Resentment got the better of my discretion, and I was prevailed on to reveal the fatal secret. He heard me with fix'd attention; but when I had done, he fell on his knees, and, fervently clasping his hands, in the most solemn manner, swore to revenge her death.

“What, what have I done!” cried I, almost frantick. “Oh, “Mr. Addison, as you value the “peace of my Jessy, recall that “rash, that impious oath. Ah, “leave

“leave the wretch’s punishment
 “to heaven.”

“My resolution is fix’d,” said
 he, in a determinate voice;
 “nor men nor devils shall screen
 “him from my vengeance. But
 “hint not this to my dying an-
 “gel.”

What could I do? Too late
 was I sensible of my indiscretion;
 but it could not be recalled. At
 that moment I was summoned to
 attend my friend. O, Madam,
 in what a condition did I find her!
 just recovered from a deadly swoon,
 the forerunner of that which was
 for

BRIDAL DAY. 165

for ever to close her lovely eyes. She could no longer speak, but she looked at Mr. Addison and me by turns with a sweet benignity in her countenance, and repeatedly pressed our hands to her cold lips. At last, struggling for utterance, she faintly cried, "Bless, bless you both," and sunk on her pillow: then, with a deep sigh, expired. I am almost blinded with my tears, and must lay down my pen. Adieu.

A. SOMERSET.



LETTER



LETTER XXXIII.

From the same to the same.

MR. Addison took upon himself the trouble and expence of our beloved's funeral, which he determined should be suitable to the merit, not the rank, of the dear departed. Nothing could be more magnificent. He had, however, concerted another scheme, which more than this pomp engrossed his attention. Monday-
was

was by him fixed on for her interment; in the morning too; and at what church, do you think? Ah, madam, I still shudder at the recollection of the fatal scene to which I was witness.

About five in the morning every thing was in readiness for the solemn procession. Mr. Addison, as well as myself, was dress'd in deep mourning. He led me to the first coach, and placed himself by me. Neither of us opened our lips during the whole journey. Sighs and groans were his only language, as tears were

were mine. He had so nicely calculated the time, that our mournful train entered the church-yard just as Lord Greville and the exulting bridegroom dismounted from their carriages.

I forgot to mention, that the coffin was by this time taken out of the hearse, and borne by six weeping maidens, dress'd in white; several others going before, two and two, strewing flowers as they slowly advanced. The gay, bridal train stopp'd, astonished at this unexpected sight. Stanley led lady Julia: Both adorned with

BRIDAL DAY. 169

with a splendor suitable to the occasion.

We entered the church at different doors. The coffin was placed in the isle. The bridegroom and bride advanced to the altar. Lord Greville was talking, with seeming indignation in his countenance, to the astonished clergyman, who no more than they expected this scene.

Mr. Addison, with a resolute solemnity in his air, walked up to Sir George, leaving me weeping over the remains of my departed friend. He took him by the arm. The rest of the company stood like statues, wondering, no doubt,

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I

what

what would be the end of so astonishing a scene. They advanced within a few paces of where I was, and then stopped. Sir George appeared in violent agitation, pale and trembling.

“It was your request,” said Mr. Addison, “that I should attend, and be a witness of your nuptials. I have obeyed the summons. And there, also,” added he, pointing to the coffin, “is another, a silent witness of your guilt and perfidy. There rests the lovely victim of your cruelty. There lies the murdered Jessy.”

“Jessy!”

“Jeffy!” exclaimed Sir George, striking his breast, “O my God! “ then what a wretch am I!”

“A wretch, indeed!” resumed Mr. Addison; “a villain, lost to “honour, to friendship and humanity. Defend yourself, Sir,” continued he, “for I am come to “revenge the death of her I “loved, on you, her barbarous “murderer.”

He then drew his sword, nor was Sir George backward to engage. Before his astonished friends could interpose, the hand of justice had guided Mr. Addison’s
 I 2 weapon,

weapon, and lodged it in the heart of his guilty antagonist, from whence he drew it reeking with blood. Sir George staggered towards the coffin, and fell upon it. Then clasping his arms around it, he said, "I have deserved my fate—may my death atone. O, " Jessy! Jessy!" added he, raising his languid eyes to heaven, "at length we are united. You are " now my bride." So saying, his head sunk on the coffin, when, uttering a deep groan, he closed his eyes for ever.

The distracted Julia threw herself on the lifeless body, but her friends

BRIDAL DAY. 173

friends soon bore her off. Lord Greville, with his attendants bearing the dead Sir George, set off for the castle, leaving us to proceed to the interment of our late dear friend; which was accordingly performed, with the most decent solemnity, before a numerous company of the neighbouring people, who had been drawn thither with a view of beholding the intended wedding, and who, having been informed of the most material circumstances which occasioned the duel, in the most lively manner lamented the fate of the unhappy Jessy, expressed the utmost detestation against her un-

worthy undoer, and intire satisfaction at his just and untimely end.

When the ceremony was ended, Mr. Addison, not knowing how the death of Sir George may be taken by his friends, nor what might be the issue of the event if he stayed, after bidding me a hasty and mournful adieu, set out, in a hired post-chaise, immediately for Dover, from whence he will embark for France, where he intends to remain, 'till he is assured he may return with safety.

He has promised to write, as soon as he arrives at a place of safety; and

BRIDAL DAY. 175

and I, my dear aunt, am preparing to return to you with a heart almost broken, and a settled melancholy which no time can ever diminish.

O Jeffy! O Addison! never will the image of either be effaced from this faithful bosom, where friendship has so deeply engraven them. And now .

“ —I neither hope nor wish for comfort.
“ There oft is found an avarice in grief,
“ And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
“ Upon it's secret hoard of treasur'd woes,
“ In pining solitude.”

Such,

Such, at present, is the cast of
my sad pensive mind. The bar-
ren world is now to me a joyless
desert.

By Jessy warn'd, of faithless men

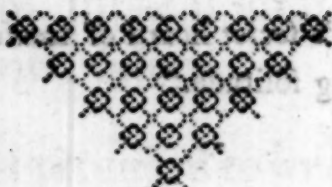
Take heed, ye easy fair;

Of vengeance due to broken vows,

Ye perjur'd swains beware,

A. S.

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